your help." I'm still not sure what he meant, but he was a joker. I said he'd be "missed." I hope that, in the context of a one-day absence, he didn't mistake my meaning.

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Once we were called keepers, and they were called patients or lunatics. It's a tradition. It changes, and it stays the same. I've seen pictures of the male attendants at Thing Street asylum circa 1910. "Male" is tautological in historical context.

They were standing in an airing court, dressed for sport. I think it was cricket. They weren't at all bad looking. In white T-shirts that showed off their broad shoulders, they were handsome. I suppose before there were a lot of drugs keepers had to be fit. They were all tall. There were no doubt a lot of Englishmen among them, like Adam. I can't forebear adding "of course."

Adam's parents brought him to Canada when he was still a toddler. They came by boat. They would have been among the last immigrants to experience the archetypal arrival into the Gulf of St. Lawrence out of the open sea. It was like being ingested. They were working class. Adam's precursors not infrequently had affairs with their female clients, call them what you will. Maybe the keepers became clients. They socialized at the periodic asylum balls.